Morning Prayer For Pink
By Therése Halscheid

Messenger of morning, sign of the sun coming,
let it live on our bodies as well as the waking sky, let it be
the sudden blush, the shade of the tongue
which colors our speech

let it appear as the pale skin of the palm, any palm,
as with the luster of meadows, any meadow, say it has been so
since creation and will go on.

When we pause to listen, let us hear pink
as a musical note, the sound of it innocent,
first tone of the heart before it ripens
into red love. Let it be.

Let us touch it and say of pink it is neither salt, nor silk,
but the feeling of pleasure, smooth-skinned as petals, the bud
hidden between a woman’s legs.

And when autumn comes and colors fade wearily from things,
let us see pink as a constant, long shade of dawn
and praise and praise pink and beyond that
say nothing more.

Do not claim it as being meant only for boy or for girl,
do not confine it, not when it is the first hue we wake to, not when
it crosses freely over the trees, down through
the crooks of them, painting the ponds to look
like squeezed grapefruit. Let it be.

And though the mind cannot see, let it sense
through our eyes how pink remains
like permanent dye, staining the soles of our feet, that part of us
stepping over the old earth, leading us through evening light
to where the sun moves down.

Therése Halscheid has been writing poetry for more than two decades as she has lived simply
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